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CHICAGO ART NOTES.

BY TIMOTHEA.

THE opening at the Art Institute, on the evening of February 3d, the annual exhibition of supposed "Chicago" artists. But it is the same old clique with a sprinkling of support from artists from the "vicinity" of Chicago, which "vicinity" by the way is very elastic, stretching to Delavan, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Houston, Texas, and California, in one direction, and New York in the other. There are 103 exhibitors and 235 exhibits. There were seven painters on the jury, exhibiting 30 works between them or about one-eighth of the whole exhibition. Two sculptors served on the jury, and but one of these exhibited. If the readers of the *Fine Arts Journal* refresh their memories, they will recall that this is a slight improvement on the conditions found at the last local exhibition and on the exhibition of previous years, when members of the jury ran in all the way from ten to twenty works each. But to say that this paltry number, 239 works, including sculpture, bas-reliefs, miniatures, etchings, pencil and wash drawings, oil and water colors, represents the work done by Chicago artists is to falsify facts. You might just as well say that the members of the Art Institute represent the whole of the people of the city interested in art.

Although sometime previous to the exhibition, a pamphlet was sent out to various artists of the city and "vicinity," upon which were printed the names of those who had exhibited at the Art Institute for the past five years, requesting that the recipient of the same put his X against the men he wished to serve on the jury, it resolved itself into the same thing in the end. How could it be otherwise, when the names appearing on the pamphlet were those who had dominated these exhibitions for years?

The exhibition was neither better nor worse than that of previous years. There was the same note of mediocrity and the same suggestion of really good work. But it was in some respects the best hung exhibition of any on record. The *Fine Arts Journal* has time and again suggested the importance of having the pictures hung with sufficient space between the frames to suggest separation, and this has at last been done. Another improvement, also suggested by this magazine, was, the hanging together of individual artists' work. This also received some consideration.

The most impressive work in the whole exhibition is Charles James Mulligan's statue of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Mulligan is a very young man, but he has evidently given a serious and lengthened study to the accomplishment of this work. No grander statue of the martyred president has ever been executed. It is dignified, statesmanlike, and yet of all its charms, the greatest lies in that subtle suggestion that Lincoln was a man of the people. Standing before this creation one realizes the fact that the sculptor comprehended

Lincoln's gift for oratory. The pose is that of rugged beauty rather than grace. The right hand is thrown upward as with a swift, impassioned stroke, while the vigor and force of the uttered words is emphasized by the left hand which drops at the side, crushing in irregular folds a document that bears evidence of having been previously neatly rolled. This splendidly executed work is to be placed in the Soldier's Cemetery at Rosemond, Ill., and is the gift of Captain and Mrs. Mitchell, of Pana. Julia Bracken is making wonderful strides in her profession. This young sculptor is breaking away from the hard academic methods, and endowing her subjects with a touch of originality and individuality. There is particular softness and grace in the pose of the head of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at the same time, did we not know that it was the bust of Mrs. "Pat." we should conclude that it was intended to represent a woman of no ordinary ability. There is also a delicacy expressed in the detail of drapery and jewels on the shoulders and across the bust. In the portrait bust of Dr. Thomas we find a rugged strength and a face forceful in character. "The portrait of a boy," a plaster medallion by E. S. Hinton, is a charming study. Will Le Favor shows skill in modelling; and H. Ryden exhibits some good bas-relief work. Max Mauch is also represented by a plaster bust. As will be seen there are but few works in sculpture but they are notably good, far better than in previous exhibitions.

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The best figure piece in the exhibition is "Hallowe'en," by Marie Gelon Cameron. When I use the word "best" I mean the best all-round picture of that nature. This charming healthful girl bearing her plate of apples—fruit that is ready to roll apart and scatter its beautiful ripeness, rather than painted apples—is a delight to behold. Her face has the promise of character, the forecast of a womanhood molded in lines of strength. There is charming modesty in her manner. She appears to come from the frame as from a doorway and asks you with eyes and expression to partake of the ripened fruit—the apples dedicated to Hallowe'en. Her supple figure in the simplest of frocks, the fruit, and a bit of background are bathed in a rich warm glow, the effect of a red-shaded lamp rather than fire-light. It is the most telling effect of artificial light ever given in a painting. It came nearly not being seen in exhibition, the story of its fate being given on another page of this magazine.

Anna L. Stacey has a good three-quarter figure piece, but it is marred by the tired expression on the face. The blue of the costume in contrast with the string of coral around the neck and detail are excellent, but that face tires one. Said a gentleman standing before the picture: "She is one of your so-called society women evidently, late hours and midnight suppers, theater and opera are written all over her face!"

J. C. Johansen's "Portrait of Miss R." is unwholesome. The subject looks as if in the last, lingering stages of consumption, and ought to be in bed rather than posing for a portrait. The position in which she is posed is also unhappy. The back of a small upright chair, on which she is supposed to sit, is in such position, that her arm and hand rests where her back naturally should be, while the back itself is supported by the lower part of a picture frame and the wall of the room. This picture frame, by the way, has an exhibition stamp in design and make. But there is a

worse incongruity, I think, in the picture. To the right is a perpendicular streak of something. I was told that it was a streak of light between the portieres. Portieres! There is not a suggestion of portieres or draperies of any kind on that solidly-painted wall. Another told me it was an "altar candle," and took pains to hunt in the catalogue to see if the picture were not known as the "dying girl" or something equally as morbid. But a member of a young woman's art study club gave about the best explanation. She stood contemplating the picture seriously for a few moments, then one of her compan-

Johansen and find him here in his best and ablest mood.

Another awful shock is given to the visitors to the gallery by a monstrosity in a lavender gown elongating its body across a table at which sits a timid child looking frightened and uncertain as to something the "thing" has placed on its fingers. The catalogue number designates it as "The Silver Spoon," and on closer observation we find one of those children's affairs hooked on to the little hand. Two women stood before this picture. Said one



"HALLOWE'EN,"
—By Marie Ge'lon Cameron.

icns asked: "What in name of goodness is that streak down the wall?" Without hesitancy and with all seriousness came the reply: "A leak in the plumbing! And just as you spoke I was about to say that if that girl wanted to go down to posterity, she might do as the boy did with the hole in the Holland dyke, plug it up with her finger and stop further damage." Then another searched the catalogue to see if No. 123 were not catalogued: "Ring up the plumber!" There is another portrait by this same artist but there is little of interest in it, and it is with a sigh of relief and real pleasure that I turn to some neighboring landscapes by Mr.

"That is the vampire. I read about it in last Sunday's paper."

"What's it mean?" asked the second in an awed tone.

"Why, you know, the vampire comes to suck the blood of little children, 'specially babies."

"But that's got a gown on. Does a vampire wear gowns?"

"Well, don't you understand, that it can come in form of a woman," said the first speaker, and then she continued, with something like a choke in her voice: "It's dreadful. I hope the poor mother will come soon."

The conversation quoted above is a literal fact. To

me, the "thing" appeared as a cobra. Stretching out its body with a hiss. The elongated body and arrangement of the hair suggested this hooded creature. The artist, Louis Wilson, showed a strong and promising work last year in his, "In Football Armor." This present work has its merits. Its textural effects are good, but the subject and composition are far from artistic.

Among the portraits, real portraits, Frank M. Pebbles, Cora F. Freer, and Martha S. Baker, may be ranked first. What constitutes a portrait? Likeness, repose, individuality and harmony. And these artists have happily invested the canvas with these traits. Mr. Pebbles' head of a young man is charming in its simplicity and sincerity. There is a lovely harmony in the color, too. Nothing to distract from the essential features of a portrait. You feel as if the artist considered his subject, knew his sitter and gave you his personality. The same remarks might apply to the portrait painted by Miss Freer, with the exception that a gentler subject is presented and skillfully treated. The features of this gentle woman seem familiar, yet we know her not; have never seen her to our knowledge. This is the charm of the work, apart from its individual traits it is a type of gentle womanhood. Martha Baker has returned to her sane senses, and has ignored the bizarre in which she has dabbled for one or two exhibition occasions. That portrait—a harmony in warm browns—is a well-rounded work; good in texture and significant in character.

There is another portrait of which I must speak, although in so doing I shall not agree with what has been said and written in fulsome praise of the subject. I allude to the portrait of Mr. Freer by himself. If rightly titled it should be catalogued as "The Cigarette." For this objectionable feature is the attractive point in the picture. It is difficult for an artist to paint a picture of himself. As you know, it is done with the assistance of a mirror. The head is finely treated, even to the sheen of baldness. I think in this particular textural effect the picture is marvelous. The hands are well drawn. But you do not discover all these points of merit until you have seen the picture several times, for the cigarette is at once the attractive and distractive point of sight. With this and the careless handling of the figure from the elbows—with the exception of the hands—down, to my mind spoils what might really have been an excellent work of art. It might be a man of straw in the region of the waist and knee. In fact the leg suggests a dummy model rather than a flesh and blood man. I have seen so much good work by Mr. Freer that it is with real regret I feel compelled to express myself as unfavorably impressed with this his latest work. The Arts Society—the clique ring—fastened a tab of honor to this picture. That is if it may be considered an honor—the awarding of a medal by so narrow minded a lot as the majority of this club. You find yourself asking: "What benefit do the awarders expect to get out of their veteran comrade?" Knowing the utter selfishness and narrowness of spirit permeating this insignificant organization that dares to style itself—under the cover of the wing of the Art Institute—a "Chicago" artists' society, one is led to question its sincerity in the bestowal of an award.

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Of landscapes there is much to say, as these are the dominant feature of the exhibition. Beginning in the extreme southeast gallery, and hanging in close prox-

imity to Mrs. Cameron's warm and strong "Halloween," is a cool, moonlight, by Ossip Linde. "The Cottage" shows a grey stone wall with open gateway. Through the latter we catch a glimpse of lighted windows, the artificial and natural light being brought into striking and pleasing contrast. But this is not the sole beauty of the picture. Over and around the dwelling and the old stone wall, in and through the shadowy leafy ways, is the suggestion of the cooling air of evening. It is a lovely picture for a companion in one's favorite room at home.

Frank Dudley, Delavan, Wisconsin, is well represented. He is, also a comparatively new exhibitor, being seen for the first time in last year's exhibit, I believe. He has made rapid strides. His "Golden rays 'twixt April showers," shows a landscape at once smiling and tearful. The air is moist, and little pools of water have gathered by the roadside, but the shower is over, although the sky is still partly greyed, and the bare trees are soft with sap and ready to be coaxed into life by the subtle golden warmth of early Spring. This artist's "Golden Harvest," was purchased by the Chicago Woman's Aid. The perspective in this work, and the shimmering atmosphere is splendidly expressed, but the sheaves of the "Golden Harvest," are not good in texture. But Mr. Dudley's marine, "A Moonlight Sail," is not only the best of this artist's works, technically and otherwise, but is the best marine in this collection. It shows an expanse of dark, heaving water. In the distance is a sloop yacht, with bright, port light, and sails bulged, making its way over the shadowy part of the water, while above, the "ringed" moon of the sailor is striving to break through the drifting masses of dark cloud. That moon is not a "paint" moon either. There are one or two "paint" moons in this collection, but Mr. Dudley's is the celestial orb of night sublimely riding through the pure cerulean, veiled with the vaporous atmosphere of a passing storm. And here and yon the waters are silvered with its charmed effulgence or darkened by the drifting vaporous masses that seek to veil its glory.

While I am on this subject of marines, I might say, that I have never taken notes on the work of Charles E. Hallberg, hoping that after the first exhibition, into which he was pressed by favor, that he would seek to really paint water "wet." He is now found in every exhibition with the clique. I have great sympathy with this humble toiler and his well-meant attempts to portray the sea with which, it is said, his early life has made him familiar. But sympathy when wrongly extended does more harm than good. Mr. Hallberg may be more familiar with the sea than other excellent delineators of the same, but this does not make him an artist of marines. He lacks that something which for want of a clearer term is styled "technique." Wave movements, he understands somewhat. But the texture of the water is that of a wool carpet, and is so suggestive of this thick texture, that one recalls the old-time fashion of representing tumbling billows in vogue on the stage, when "supes" were placed underneath a green or blue woolen affair and expected to be very active in their tumbling movements so that when the heroine preferred death to a marriage with the villain, and decided to end her life by springing into the surging billows, she was engulfed in a wave of fabric instead of water. Mr. Hallberg's waves are suggestive of this thick tangling substance but not of water. He needs to devote time out-of-doors, and paint for love of depicting that which appeals to him and

shun all thought of exhibitions for a time at least. There is promise in his work, but not in the method which others are taking to force him into recognition. He is not in the hands of true friends, but simply flatterers who have an object in their assumed interest in him. But to return to the landscapes.

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Marie Lokke has done honor to the exhibition in her work, "From Michigan." It shows a fine perspective, and a telling effect of sunshine and shadow. Within the shadow of wayside trees, sits a girl, a basket of apples at her side. Beyond the landscape is saturated with sunshine. In the left middleground is a tree whose contour is superb. The air and light penetrate through the branches and drift over the roadway until the spectator feels an inclination to walk in the beautiful out-of-doors atmosphere. The Arche Club has surely made a good selection this year, by the purchase of this picture.

Charles L. A. Smith has been to California for inspiration. This artist has a preference for low-toned subjects. "Night in California," showing a rockbound roadway in a blue monotone is good in effect, but spoiled by those abominably crooked telegraph poles. This picture has just a suspicion of having been intended for commercial purposes, with the railroad blotted out. In "October's Beauty," Mr. Smith is seen in a more cheerful tone. There is lovely harmony in this picture and a good sky, too.

Lucie Hartrath, Rockford, Ill., is seen in four works of the impressionistic order. The best is a "French Cottage Garden," gay with flowers and a peasant woman with her infant in her arms standing in the sunny pathway. These figures are splendidly modelled, and beneath the homely texture of the clothing there is a suggestion of bone and muscle. I like this picture better than anything I have before seen by this artist. The coloring is very beautiful, too.

Frank R. Wadsworth has gone daffy on some of his work. He is trying to out-hassam Hassam. Mr. Wadsworth is certainly not well-represented although he has five works, for one of them only, can compare favorably with some of his work seen in previous exhibitions. His "Cow Neck, Long Island," a bit of reed-grown swamp land—sparsely touched with tree growth—and in which we see a hunter and his dog, is really his best work. His "Still-life with Figure," is really too wretched a subject to even mention let alone to find favor in the eyes of an exhibition jury. I heard some one pronounce it "awful," and I think this word covers it.

Edgar S. Cameron exhibits five landscapes. He has been visiting his birthplace, Ottawa, Ill., and the pictures shown in this exhibition are delineations of familiar nooks. In "Sunlight and Haze," we see a quiet pool, bordered with trees. Looking across the stream and between the branches there is a suggestion of farmlands and dwellings. The sky is subdued and the landscape partakes of the softened effect. His "Giant Willows" though, must be the favorite of the five. Here also is a stream, its surface slightly rippled, and the sturdy old willows, the trunks of which alone are visible, stand guard, and catch their own reflections gyrating in the translucent ruffled water. Mr. Cameron also exhibits a picture entitled "The Gleaners." A cornfield is shown in a rising undulation, with a narrow brook bounding its base. Above the corn are seen a flight of crows descending to glean from the bare and dry stalks that which the reaper has left.

Adolph R. Schulz, Delavan, Wisconsin, has six pictures in this exhibition. Of this number, the silvery-keyed, undulating landscape in which corn shocks—real ones—are seen in the foreground is his best. Mr. Schulz's pictures are evidently painted for exhibition. He has discovered a dryad in the woods at Delavan, too, and has placed him blowing his pipes in a forest which is a symphony in green, although rather hard in treatment.

John F. Stacey's "Rocky Fields of New England," should be preserved in some archaeological museum. It is so indicative of the condition of those barren fields which seem to yield nothing better than rocks, that from a geological standpoint, it is valuable. I do not mean to infer that it is not artistically of value, for Mr. Stacey's work is always good. His "Sheep Pasture Overlooking Long Island Sound, Conn.," is a charming work. There is a stretch of rugged pasture land and the blue waters of the Sound beyond. Over the sky sail delicate rose-hued cumuli, and far out on the blue waters, tiny, white-winged craft are skimming along to the tune of the myriad voices that haunt the waters on a fair summer day.

Charles Francis Browne exhibits eight landscapes, all of which have been seen at some time or other during the past four years at dealers' galleries or woman's clubs. There is one good picture among them and this is a loaned one. Mr. Browne has never painted one so good as this "Autumn Road." This is the only work that bears the stamp of familiarity with air and light—not the air and light of the studio, but of the out-of-doors.

Charles Abel Corwin, like Charles Francis Browne, needs to shake loose from that which prevents them from doing work just for exhibition. It is safe to say if these two men were not on the staff of the Art Institute their works would be turned down in short order. "Corwin's boats and painty water, again!" remarked one man to another. "Oh, yes, that's his green, you bet," rejoined his companion. "Yes," said the first speaker, "Corwin has a patent on it." Mr. Corwin has tried his hand at painting a picture in which "burros" are the conspicuous feature. Most good artists of the same subject have found it necessary to spend a year at least among the "burro" fraternity ere they depict their characteristics on canvas. This is why they succeed. We recall the late Harvey Young's burros! They were immense.

John Vanderpoel's "Sunlight and Shadow," in water color, is a gem. Such a grand cloud effect, too! And how sharply defined are some of the shadows and how tenderly soft are others. You would never think of questioning in what locality that bit of roadway and woodgrowth is found, for it is just one of Nature's sonnets, which she sings irrespective of clime and country. There is something of Cazin in it, and a touch of Harpings, and yet it is Vanderpoel, and he has been absent from our exhibitions so long. Perhaps this is why his work has a crispness not found in that of the more regular exhibitors.

Neighboring this are two watercolors by Edgar Forkner. "The Miller's Home" is a small upright, showing a pretty stretch of leafy roadway and a small house nestling between the trees on the edge of a bluff. "Shade and Sunshine" shows a mass of tree growth, through which the sunbeams trickle and splash. Both these works are very true in color.

"The Lane—Evening," shows Eugenie Fish Glaman in landscape with cattle. This artist has been doing some

very fine animal pictures, but her landscape was never good when she chose to make that a settling, and generally, the animals were seen in stables and barns. But Mrs. Glaman has made excellent improvement in this particular, and this picture, rather pretentious in size, is a revelation. It is only a lane or roadway bordering a bit of sandy dune with a sparse growth of coarse grass. But there is a pleasing sweep and distance in it, and the atmosphere is rife with the quiet of evening and the kine. There is a future for this artist, if she keeps, as her work now promises, free from oft-beaten paths.

Four water colors by A. G. Disi, all treating of Italian scenes, are rich in architectural effects and color. There is a sparkling spontaneity about this artist's work, and it has many admirers. Mr. Disi manipulates shadow effects very skillfully. In parts they seem to waver and move, as if a cloud had crossed the face of the sun or the branches of a tree were being moved by the wind. I observed these pictures under different aspects of light in the gallery, but they never lost their charm.

H. G. Maratta is represented by four water colors and one oil. "Castle Baia Bay, Pozzulo, Italy," is typical of this artist's work, done in Europe some three or four years ago. The waters of the bay, blue as a turquoise, lave the yellow sand in the right foreground, which stretches toward the background, rising as it nears the farthest point of distance, and here on the high promontory is perched the castle. Along the curving shore line lie a number of small, gaily painted boats. There is a lavender haze on the hills, and the air is warm with the breath of the South. It will be remembered that Mr. Maratta upon his return from Europe went to Mexico and there found much to appeal to his love of warmth and color. But there is now in this exhibition works that show he is becoming gradually true to the traditions of what constitutes patriotism in art, for here are scenes that are typically of America. The oil, "An Autumn Morning," is rich in color, but I feel as if Mr. Maratta has hardly caught the effect of the atmosphere that accompanies falling leaf, and the golden splendor of autumn. It is a summery effect rather than the air of autumn, but it is nevertheless beautiful. The canvas is loaded with paint, too, but it does not take a remarkable distance for all to pull together. It is purely an exhibition picture.

Ada F. Lathrop, Evanston, Ill., shows some picturesque water colors painted in the neighborhood of Polperro, in the county of Cornwall, England. George F. Schulz shows one of his typical Monhegan Island pictures with its rugged, rock-bound coast, and three other water colors rich in color yet tender in sentiment, delineating woodland scenery. Alfred Jansson's "December Afternoon," showing a bit of wind-swept woodland with the earth just tricked with snow, but the promise of more in the sky above, and the last faint rose gleam of a setting sun, is excellently rendered, while his "Winter" is a poem. A. G. Walgren's "Grey Day," has considerable merit and the perspective is good. Frank Phoenix shows strength in the treatment of a wind-riven landscape.

Of Carl Linden's three works, the "New Moon," is perhaps the most satisfactory. A pool of water bordered by a thick growth of trees, an opalescent sky in which is seen the crescent moon—fair as Diana's bow—and all the mystery of light and shadow at the twilight hour mirrored back in the still water, and this is

Linden's lovely expression of the birth of the new moon.

And now we come to the landscape of J. C. Johansen, whose portraiture I would as soon not have seen. There are four landscapes by this artist. "October Sear and Gold," being the "best" though really not the best landscape in the exhibition. But the committee for the Municipal Art League thought it was, and so they purchased it. This means that it will hang in the Art Institute until some other place is found for it. It is really a beautiful work, and its pretentious size and big, ugly frame, caught the temper of the committee and they thought they were getting their money's worth, which they did. Mr. Johansen's skill in landscape lies in the fact that he catches certain phases of Nature and renders them with a freshness and spontaneity that impresses. There is nothing suggestive of "working over." I like his "Tender Evening," too. It is a restful picture, but its beauty is killed by the clumsy, ugly frame.

Jules Mersfelder is seen in three works. "Delavan, Wisconsin," being the best. It is tender and delicate in treatment, and possesses many good qualities. It shows a winding stream bordered on the left by a bluff, on the crest of which is a quaint church. The trees are Corot-esque, and the soft atmosphere and veiled skies are also suggestive of Barbizon. Mr. Mersfelder's other works are looser in treatment and gayer in color, but this first work of which I speak is preferable.

D. F. Bigelow's "Autumn in the Adirondacks," is lovely. This artist is essentially a painter of the Adirondack region, and he is so thoroughly imbued with this mountain scenery that he has a right to go on painting it to the end of his days. I was really sorry to find him exhibiting other subjects in the previous exhibition. It was through pressure that he gave up his beloved hobby—the study of the mountains rich in Autumn splendor, but this gem in the present exhibition is proof that he has returned to his old love and I am rejoiced, for the Adirondack region and Bigelow are associated together in my remembrances of beautiful landscapes.

The Klio purchased Bertha Menzler's "Evening," which was not nearly as good a work as that seen in the exhibition of last Fall. Mrs. Menzler has made the mistake of repeating the same kind of sky and atmospheric effect, however. Her work will soon be recognized by a pale moon in a sky of pale lavender and rose. There was the figure of a cow and a man in the foreground of this later work, which rather spoiled the picture.

* * *

Marie Perrault, Evanston, shows a picture of mother and child, and although a good work, the very realistic attitude of the child partaking of its meal robs the picture of some of the charm of sentiment attaching to "The Mother," by which title it is catalogued.

William I. Jenkins has shown a beautiful touch of human interest in his "Problem of Life." It shows a humble interior, and in the center of the room is seen a small boy, with feet spread apart and hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, contemplating the cradle in which there is a suggestion of a tiny atom of humanity. The thoughtful attitude of the boy is a whole volume from a sociological point of view, while the picture itself is exceedingly artistic in treatment.

"Reveries," by Marie E. Blanke, shows a woman in a rocking chair before a log fire, and light from the latter bathing the figure in a fitful glow. "A Cuban Scout," by William Schmedtgen, is a charming bit of

a picturesque side of the Cuban campaign. "Reverie," by Isaac Morgan, shows a young woman sitting in an attitude of thought, her head resting on her hand. This is a lovely little harmony in gold and brown. Karl Buehr is still painting Dutch scenes in his Chicago studio. They are very good but too foreign for a local exhibition. Lou Mersfelder's "Corner of the Studio," is a study in textural effects and harmony of color. This artist also shows a very good study of a head. Her "Road to Alameda," is not quite as good as previous works of the kind. It does not do her justice. Annie Weaver Jones' "Embroidering," in which is shown an interior with a woman in light yellow gown sitting in graceful attitude at work over an embroidering frame, is more pleasing than her "Forgotten Tasks." Ralph Clarkson has evidently been imbuing himself with Japanese effects. His "Romanzo Misterioso," in which we see a woman in trailing grey gown playing on a violin and accompanied by another "mysterious" at the piano is evidently painted for exhibition, for it is essentially an artist's picture. His "Portrait Sketch," with its beard of wool and other bizarre textural effects should never have been admitted to this exhibition.

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Among the miniatures are a number of portraits of household pets, Eva Russell being particularly skillful in her delineation of dogs and cats and horses. If it is to become fashionable for the wealthy to have miniatures of their pet animals, this will mean a thriving business among the miniaturists who take to this specialty.

Lillian Reubena Deane is represented by a very artistic miniature in a low key, or as it is more generally styled the "pale" miniature. This style of miniature is particularly suitable to the type of sitter shown in this particular miniature—a charming type of pure blonde. The one note of warm color in this delicate work, is found in a corsage bouquet of la France roses. Martha S. Baker shows a child's portrait on ivory framed in metal.

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The smallest, but not the least important landscape in this exhibition was by Mary M. Chase, of Shabbona, Ill. It might almost be called a "painting in the little." "The River Bank," shows a lovely grouping of trees on the edge of the river, bathed in a shimmering haze. It is a touch of fairyland, a charming transcript of Nature in one of her tenderest moods.

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NEW YORK ART NOTES.

BY KATE KERBY.

ONE art event crowds on the heels of another so rapidly it is impossible to give more than the briefest mention of things. The Marquand collection and sale, of course, has been the most important this season, not so much for the pictures, but the great variety of the collection, the tapestries, and rugs, were so rich and beautiful; the ceramics, pottery, bronzes of all times and countries were to be seen, and hundreds of other rare and curious objects of art, which has been of inestimable educational advantage to those who were fortunate enough to see them, even though not able to purchase anything. Since this we have had the Lyall collection and sale. This collection was made by the late David C. Lyall, of Brooklyn, who seems to have been a man of varied

tastes, for we find works by Delacroix, Gerome, Schreyer, Fromentin, Gustave Courbet, Corot, Millet, Daubigny, Diaz, Jules Breton, Bastien-Lepage, Henner, Gerome, mixed up with a great many pictures of really small value from any point of view; still the 105 pictures brought \$250,000, De Neuville's "Destruction of the Telegraph Line," fetching \$12,100; Daubigny's little "Sunset on the River," \$11,500, and his "LeBouleau," \$20,000; Breton's "La Fin du Travail," \$25,500; these are surely pretty good prices. Besides the pictures there were many other beautiful things, bronzes, enamels, jades, etc., which were sold the following day.

At the same time another collection was drawing an admiring crowd to the same place, the American Art Galleries; there magnificent examples of the art of old Japan—wonderful carvings, bronzes, cabinets, paintings; whole rooms full of decorated leathers, etc., all the property of Bunkio Matsuki.

Another collection and sale was that of the late Conde Ashmead. Here we find more modern art, with some that is old as well, the catalogues give the names of George Inness, Harpignies, Thos. Lawrence, Berne-Belle-Cour, Fritz Thaulow, Fortuny and others. The sale was well attended and brought some fair prices.

Still another is the Hoagland sale of 64 art treasures, which realized \$106,070. This took place at the Waldorf-Astoria, the highest price for a single picture being \$14,000 for Corot's "Souvenir d'Italie."

Another quite remarkable sale was that of Yamanaka & Co., of Osaka, Japan, with a house also at Fifth avenue. This consisted of two galleries full of lacquered shrines, doors, plaques, Buddhist objects of great merit; carvings, works of famous ancient sculptors, such as Unkei, Hidari Jingoro, Ota Yosuke; sacred temple screens, and other decorations; dozens of old temple Ramma's, etc. This unique collection was made by Mr. Hirase, a noted authority on Japanese art, during the early part of Meiji, when Japan was disturbed by foreign as well as domestic troubles.

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One of the many handsome studios in New York City is that of the portrait painter, C. Montgomery Roosevelt, on West 27th street, which through the courtesy of the artist, is presented here. The main apartment consists of a fine large room, with a fireplace, some quaint pieces of furniture, a couple of Florentine chairs, pictures naturally, and books, arranged with artistic irregularity, while in the center of the room a large, comfortable, modern desk proclaimed this the living room; several smaller ones opened from this, the studio proper being directly above. This was commodious and light, and conducted by an undraped arch to a charming little Italian loggia in white and gold. Mr. Roosevelt, who began the study of art late in life, at the Art Student's League here, is now a life member of that organization; he afterwards spent three years with Benjamin Constant, and has traveled considerably. The recent exhibition of some of his portrait work was held at the C. W. Kraushaar gallery, 260 Fifth avenue; the subjects were, Thos. B. Clarke, Frederick Roosevelt, Mrs. Calvin R. Nutt, Miss Grigsby, Head of Dancing Girl, time Louis XV., Baroness d'Everstein (sketch), John D. Barrow, an Ideal head, and a couple of landscapes, Lake Lugano and Sand Dunes, Newport. Mr. Roosevelt has a fine sense of color, his tones are soft and pleasing, though as with most artists he is not equally successful with all subjects. The portrait of John D. Barrow, a brother artist, is full of char-